

LAW  
BREAKERS

# LAW BREAKERS



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NO. 9







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# MINUTE CLUES

MAGGIE TYLER A CLEANING WOMAN ENTERS THE ONE ROOM APARTMENT OF CHRIS AND REX KAYNE...

INSPECTOR O'SHEA ARRIVES AND INVESTIGATES...



MRS KAYNE!... MRS KAYNE!  
OH!... SHE'S DEAD!

WAS THE WINDOW  
LOCKED WHEN YOU  
ARRIVED, MAGGIE?

YES IT WAS,  
INSPECTOR!  
OH, BY THE  
WAY... I CALLED  
MR. KAYNE.  
HE'LL BE HERE  
ANY MINUTE!



MAGGIE CALLS THE POLICE AND  
CHRIS, HUSBAND, REX,  
AT HIS OFFICE.

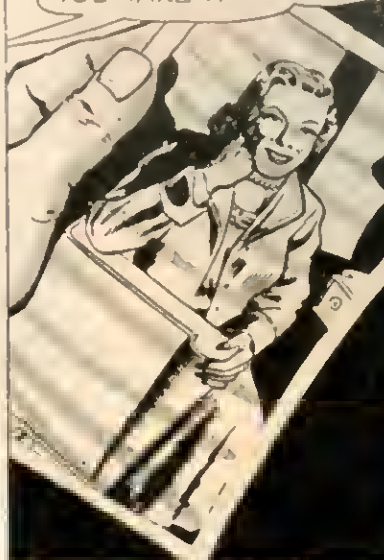
ARE THERE ANY  
OTHER WINDOWS?

CHRIS...  
CHRIS...  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

NO. JUST THE  
ONE FACING WEST.  
HERE'S MR KAYNE!



WHY IS SHE WEARING HER BATH-  
ROBE? SHE WAS DRESSED AND  
READY TO GO OUT WHEN I LEFT  
THIS MORNING! SEE... I TOOK  
THIS PICTURE WITH MY RAPID  
PRESS CAMERA, IT DEVELOPS  
THE PICTURE AS SOON AS  
YOU TAKE IT!



I TOOK IT BEFORE  
I WENT TO  
WORK!

THAT'S ALL, I  
KNOW YOU'RE  
LYING, YOU  
MURDERED  
YOUR WIFE, KAYNE!



AFTER, KAYNE CONFESSED, HE SAID  
HIS WIFE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH  
ANOTHER MAN... HE HAD REFUSED  
HER A DIVORCE, SHE BEGAN TO  
TAUNT HIM AND THAT MORNING  
HE HAD LOST CONTROL OF HIM-  
SELF AND KILLED HER! THE  
PICTURE HAD BEEN TAKEN THE  
PREVIOUS AFTERNOON.



THIS PICTURE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN  
TAKEN THIS MORNING, THE ONLY  
WINDOW FACES WEST, THE  
VENETIAN BLIND SHADOW PATTERN  
PROVES THIS PICTURE WAS  
TAKEN THIS AFTERNOON!

## LAWBREAKERS

AMONG THE WORST CRIMINALS IN HISTORY ARE THOSE WHO HAVE LED UNSPECTACULAR LIVES FOR YEARS AND WHO, FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER HAVE SUDDENLY GONE OFF THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW AND TAKEN TO VIOLENCE. SUCH ACTION CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO A MYRIAD OF REASONS... MENTAL DISORDERS... THE FINAL TIRING OF A POVERTY-RIDDEN OR HUMDRUM LIFE... OR MERELY THE SEEKING OF A "THRILL"... ARE A FEW OF THEM. BUT POLICE WILL TELL YOU THAT WHATEVER THE REASON, THE OUTCOME IS USUALLY....

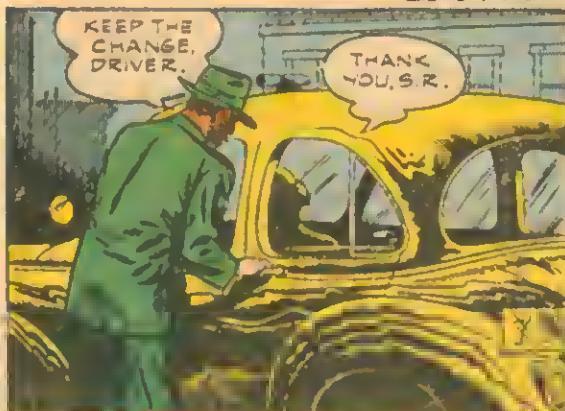
# A DAY FOR HOMICIDE





# LAWBREAKERS

... AND LATELY IT SEEMED AS THOUGH POVERTY WAS WINNING ...



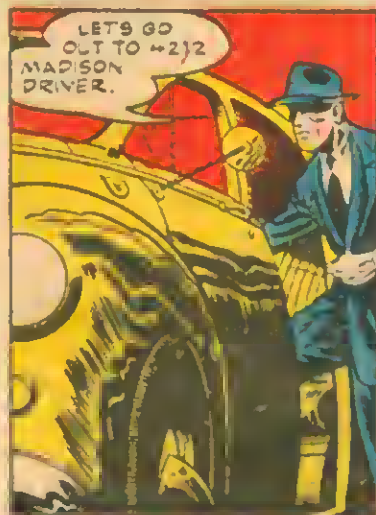
KEEP THE CHANGE, DRIVER.

THANK YOU, S.R.

IT HAD STARTED OUT TO BE JUST ANOTHER HUMDRUM DAY FOR "MONK" MADISON WHO HAD BEEN ENGAGED IN A CONTINUOUS STRUGGLE WITH POVERTY SINCE HE HAD BEEN SPAWNED BY THE SLUMS OF THE GREAT CITY...



ANOTHER LOUSY FIVE CENT TIP! I WONDER IF THAT APE CAN SPARE IT...?



LET'S GO OUT TO #212 MADISON DRIVER.



THAT'S WAY OUT, MASTER...

SO OKAY, SO IT'S WAY OUT, SO WE AIN' GETTIN' THERE FAST BY SITTIN' HERE TALKIN' ABOUT IT!



ANOTHER LONG HALL AND NOT A TIP I SUPPOSE...

WHAT DID YOU SAY DRIVER?



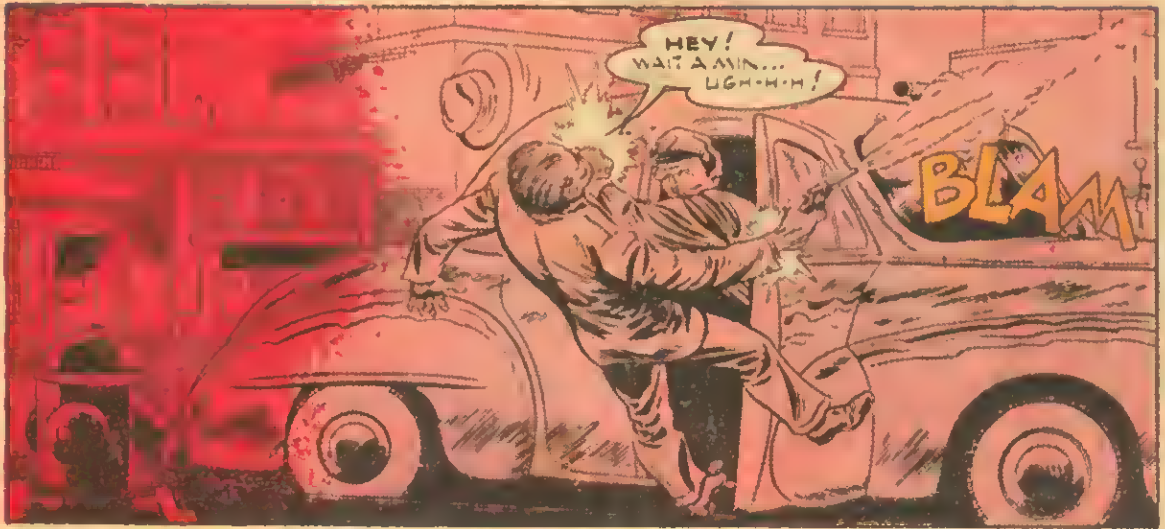
I DIDN'T SAY NOthin'. THERE'S YOUR ADDRESS, RIGHT AHEAD, THERE.



YEAH I SEE IT IS... GET OUT OF THERE AND LEAVE YOUR WALLET ON THE SEAT. I'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE ON!

WHY YOU LITTLE PUNK...

# LAWBREAKERS



NEXT TIME YOU'LL PICK ON SOMEBODY YOU CAN HANDLE, YOU LITTLE RAT! NOW MAYBE I'LL TAKE YOUR WALLET ALONG WITH ME...



LET'S SEE IF YOU GOT ENOUGH TO PAY FOR YOUR RIDE... HOLY MACKEREL! YOU'RE CARRYIN' HALF A FORT KNOX AROUND WITH YOU! WELL, I'LL JUST TAKE ALL OF IT FOR MY TROUBLE... AND THAT GUN, TOO...



UNAWARE THAT THE GUNMAN WAS DEAD, MALONE GOT BACK IN HIS CAB AND LEFT...

LOADED TO THE GUNWALS WITH DOLPH, AND HE HAD ON A TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR SUIT TOO! AND ME... I BAT THIS HACK AROUND FOR TEN HOURS A DAY FOR... FOR WHAT? FOR NOTHING!... THAT'S WHAT!



WORK ALL MY LIFE AND I ANT GOT FIVE BUCKS IN THE BANK TO SHOW FOR IT! AND GUYS LIKE THAT RUN N AROUND WITH A COUPLE A THOUSAND IN THEIR POCKETS... OKAY, WHY CANT I BE LIKE HIM? I GOT HIS GUN, ANT I ...?



THE GUNSHOT HAD ATTRACTED PLENTY OF ATTENTION. BEFORE WITNESSES COULD PHONE HIS NUMBER IN, HOWEVER, MALONE HAD COME TO A DECISION... AND FROM THEN ON HE WAS HARD TO CATCH UP WITH...

...HAVING DECIDED ON HIS COURSE OF ACTION, MALONE WENT IN SEARCH OF A SILENTLY VICTIM...

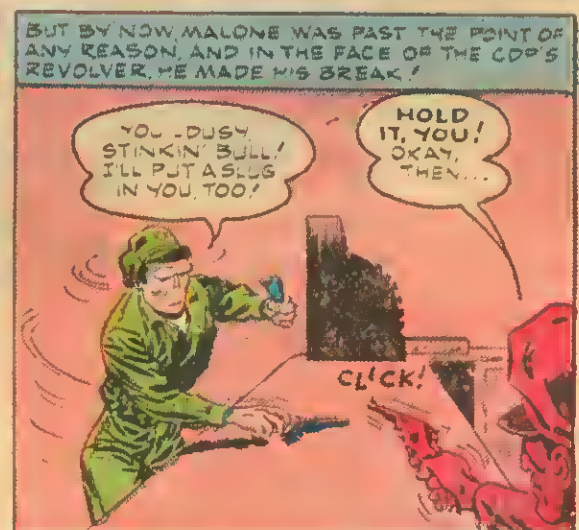


THAT JOINT LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO START WITH, NOBODY N THERE RIGHT NOW, EITHER...



# LAWBREAKERS

LEAVING HIS BACK DOWN THE STREET, MALONE ENTERED THE DINER AND EMBARKED ON HIS NEW PROFESSION...



# LAWBREAKERS

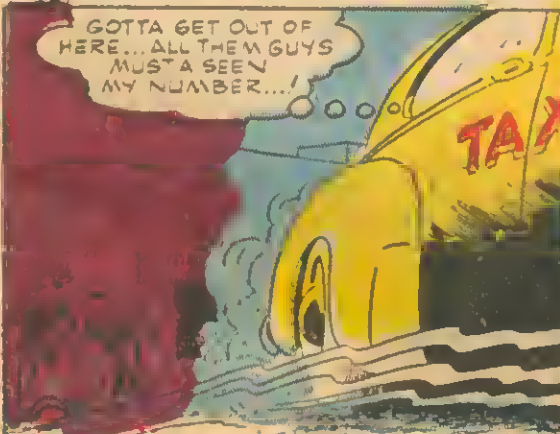
... AND LUCK WHICH SOMETIMES WORKS FOR THE WICKED AS WELL AS THE GOOD WAS WITH THE KILLER. THE OFFICER'S PARTNER SAW RED AND MALONE'S FIRST SHOT SENT HIM TO HIS KNEES.



THE FIRST OFFICER'S PARTNER WITNESSING THE SHOOTING, DIDN'T BOTHER TO CALL ON MALONE TO SURRENDER. AS MALONE EMERGED FROM THE DINER, HE TOOK CAREFUL AIM...

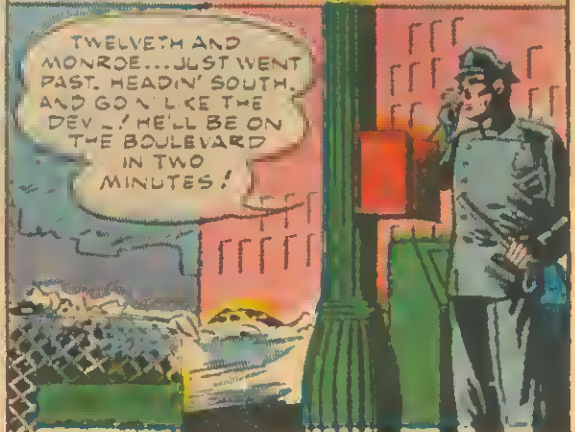


TAKING IT FOR GRANTED THAT HIS FIRST SHOT HAD FINISHED THE KILLER, THE POLICEMAN APPROACHED AND MALONE, WOUNDED IN THE SIDE, FIRED ANOTHER FATAL BULLET!



MALONE WAS RIGHT, FOR ONCE... THEY SAW AND REPORTED HIS LICENSE... AND NOW THE COPS KNEW HIS TAXI ON SIGHT WHERE HE WAS AND IN WHAT DIRECTION HE HAD GONE.

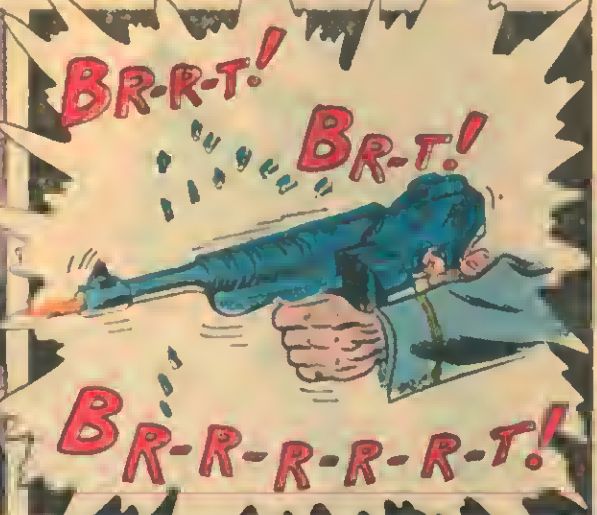
HIS POSITION WAS REPORTED SEVERAL TIMES IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, AND RADIO CARS MOVED FROM ALL POINTS IN THE CITY IN AN EVER SMALLER CIRCLE.





# LAWBREAKERS

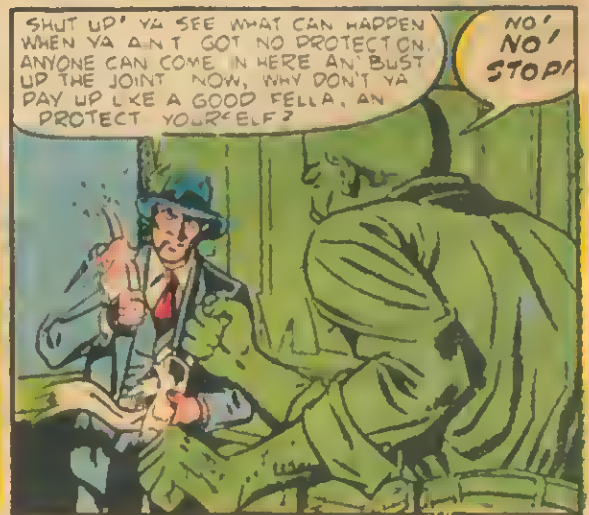
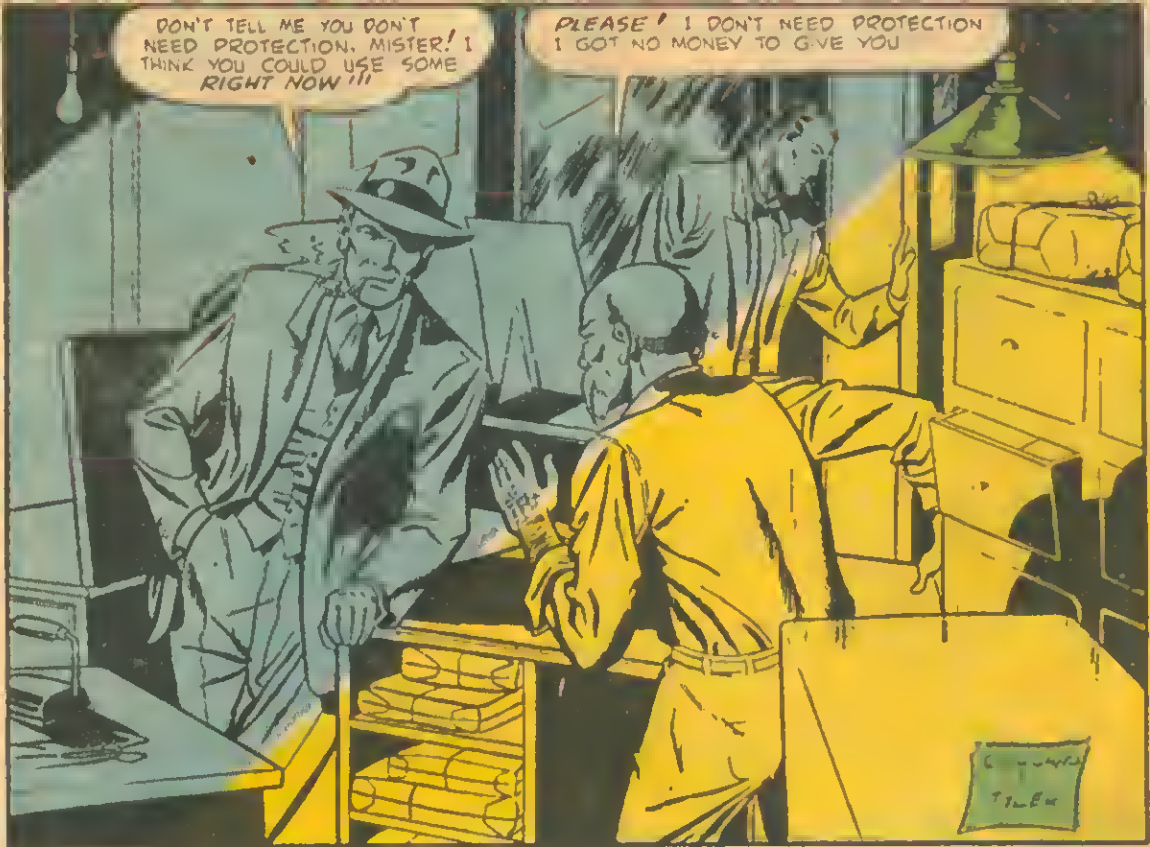
AND WHEN THE CIRCLE GREW SMALL ENOUGH



## LAWBREAKERS

**M**ET JOHNNIE BACON, CRUEL, VICIOUS, A DOUBLE-CROSSER WHO BEGAN HIS "CAREER" IN SAN FRANCISCO AS A SMALL TIME HOOD SOLICITING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR A PROTECTION RACKET. JOHNNIE DIDN'T HAVE MANY FRIENDS, AND UNDERSTANDABLY SO...FOR YOU SEE

# DEATH <sup>HIS</sup> BUSINESS!





# LAWBREAKERS

LEAVE! GET OUT OF HERE. BEFORE I CALL POLICE! I PAY NO MORE PROTECTION.

O.K. BUDDY! IT TOO BAD WE DONT SEE EYE TA EYE BUT DONT SAY I DIDNT WARN YA! COME ON, RICK... LET'S BLOW!



LATER THAT DAY, JOHNNIE BACON REPORTS TO HIS BOSS, CLIFF BANNON...

YOU'RE ONE PAYMENT SHORT, JOHNNIE... ARE YOU HOLDIN' OUT ON ME?

NO! HONEST I AIN'T, BOSS! THE GUY IN THE CHINESE LAUNDRY WOULDN'T COUGH UP. WHAT COULD I DO?



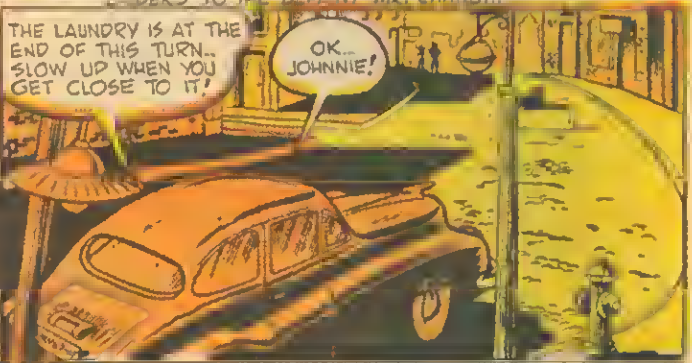
WHAT CAN YOU DO? I'LL TELL YOU! WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT, OR ELSE THEY'LL ALL TRY. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SET MR. CHANG UP AS AN EXAMPLE...



IN THE EARLY EVENING OF THAT DAY, JOHNNIE BACON AND HIS BUDDY, RICK WALKER, SET OUT TO CARRY OUT CLIFF BANNON'S ORDERS TO THE DELINT MR. CHANG...

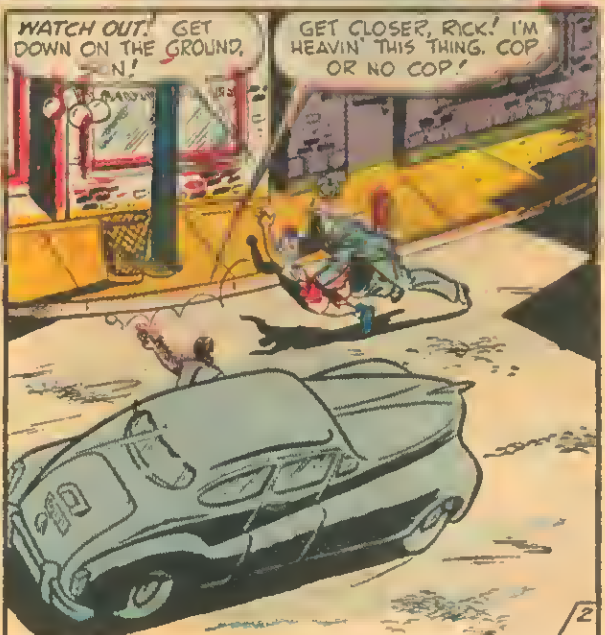
THE LAUNDRY IS AT THE END OF THIS TURN... SLOW UP WHEN YOU GET CLOSE TO IT!

OK... JOHNNIE!



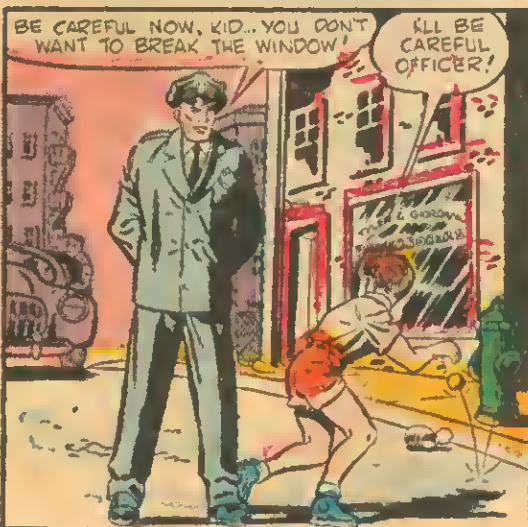
WATCH OUT! GET DOWN ON THE GROUND, N!

GET CLOSER, RICK! I'M HEAVEN' THIS THING. COP OR NO COP!

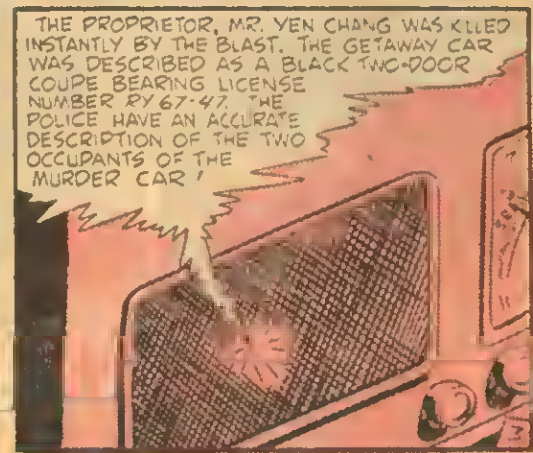
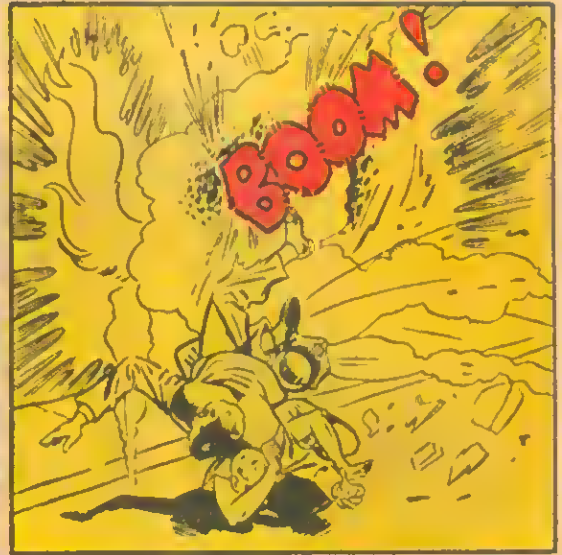
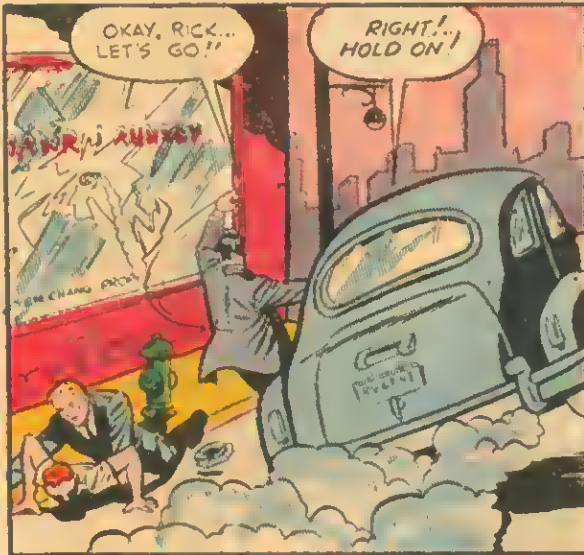


BE CAREFUL NOW, KID... YOU DONT WANT TO BREAK THE WINDOW!

ALL BE CAREFUL OFFICER!

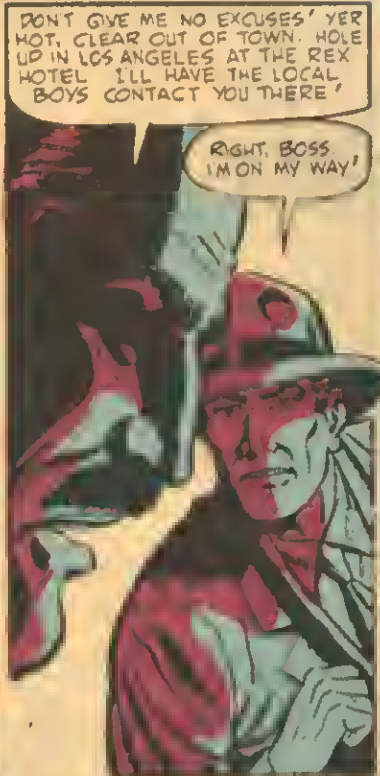


# LAWBREAKERS

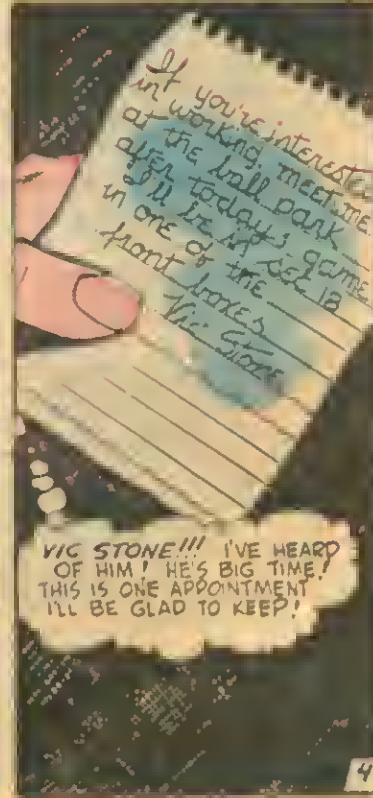
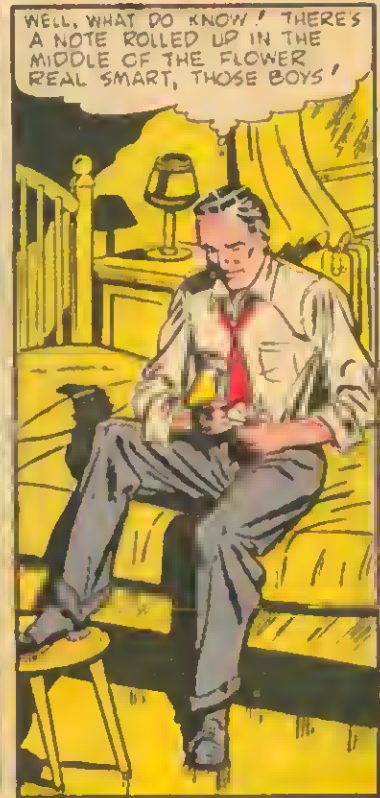




# LAWBREAKERS



**T**WO WEEKS LATER... AT THE REX HOTEL IN LOS ANGELES.



# LAWBREAKERS

VIC STONE? I'M  
JOHNNIE BACON!

HELLO, JOHNNIE. I HEAR FROM BANNON  
THAT YOU'RE A GOOD MAN WITH A  
GUN OR A GRENADE. I COULD  
USE YOU!

YOU NAME THE JOB.  
VIC. I'M THE MAN WHO  
CAN DO IT!

I HOPE SO I RUN AN  
ORGANIZATION THAT  
DOESN'T STAND FOR  
SLURUPS!

I WANT YOU TO HEAD A DEMOLITION  
TEAM. THERE'S A RIVAL ORGANIZATION  
CUTTING IN ON MY TERRITORY. THEY'VE  
HI-JACKED ONE OF MY TRUCKS FILLED  
WITH STOLEN FURS. I WANT YOU TO  
GET THEM BACK. I HEAR THEY'RE  
GOING TO TRY TO RUN A TRUCK  
THROUGH ROUTE 3 TONIGHT,  
WITH MY GOODS ABOARD!

HERE ARE YOUR TWO CREW  
MEN. SLIM MICHELS AND PETE  
BRANDON!

HI, SLIM.  
PETE!

HI,  
JOHNNIE!

**T**HAT NIGHT, JOHNNIE, PETE, AND SLIM SET UP A BARRICADE  
ON THE EXPECTED ROUTE OF THE RIVAL MOB'S TRUCK...

HERE THEY  
COME!

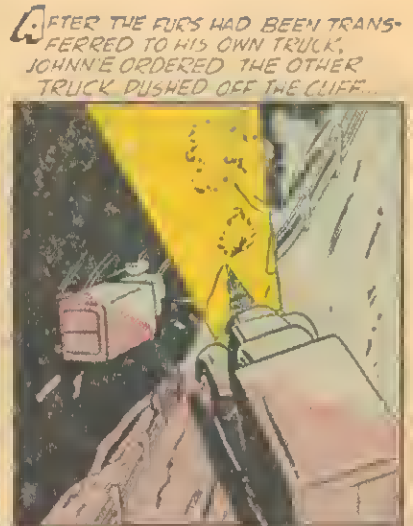
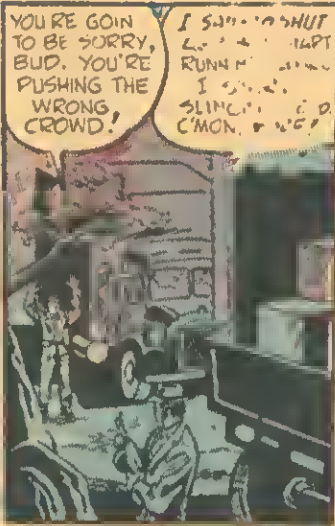
WE'RE SET, JOHNNIE. YOU  
CALL THE PLAY!

HEY! GET THAT  
TRUCK OFF THE  
ROAD. WHAT ARE  
YOU...

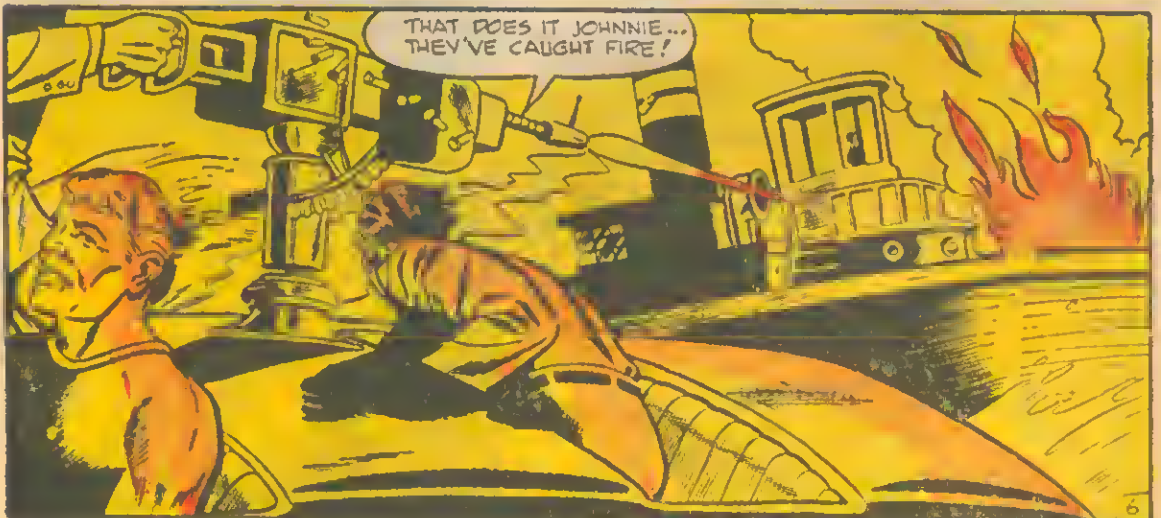
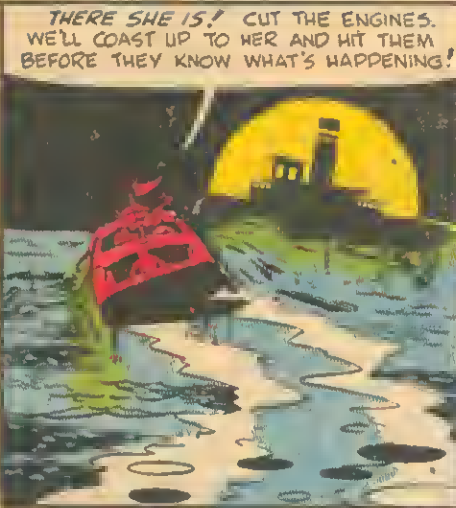
KNOCK IT OFF, BUSTER  
CLIMB DOWN OFF THAT  
CAB AND KEEP YOUR  
YAP SHUT!



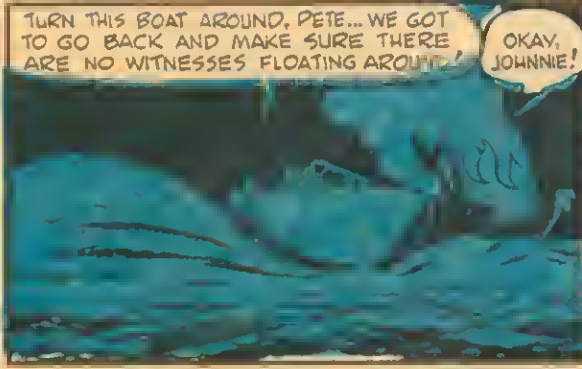
# LAWBREAKERS



ONE OF JOHNNIE'S ASSIGNMENTS WAS TO DESTROY A TUG LADEN WITH DOPE, TAKEN FROM A STEAMER ANCHORED BEYOND THE EYES OF THE LAW. THE DOPE WAS DESTINED FOR SALE BY THE RIVAL ORGANIZATION.



# LAWBREAKERS



BY THIS TIME, JOHNNIE HAD COOLED OFF IN SAN FRANCISCO. HIS SUCCESS IN LOS ANGELES EARNED HIM A GOOD "REP" IN SAN FRANCISCO. JOHNNIE RETURNED WITH SLIM AND PETE WITH A NEW IDEA.

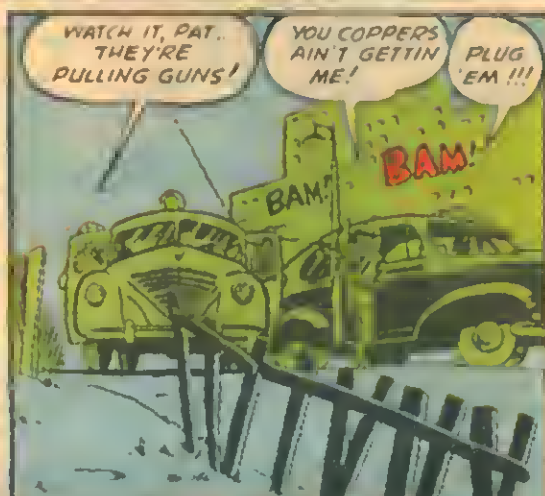
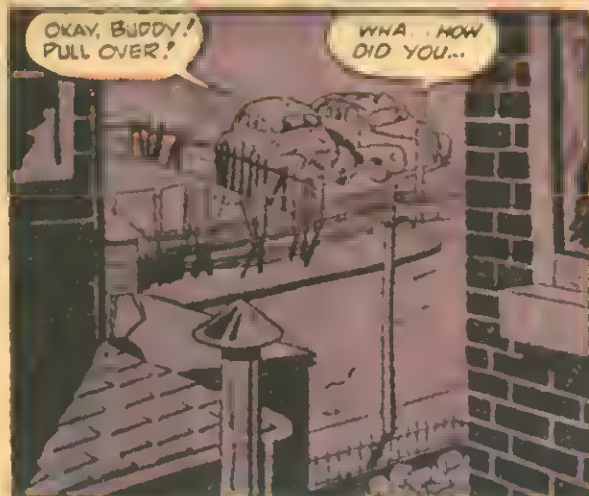


JOHNNIE AND HIS TWO GANGLAND SIDE KICKS SET OUT TO CARRY OUT JOHNNIE'S PLAN...





# LAWBREAKERS



# HE WANTED TO BE A DETECTIVE

Howard Simpson sighed, "we always want what we haven't got. Perhaps if we were color blind we wouldn't take the attitude that the grass is greener in the other fellow's pasture."

When finished with these words of wisdom, he moved his two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh. On his ruddy face was a look of innocence. He had just devoured his thirteenth sandwich. Opposite him was a muscular man, well built, with brown hair and deep set black eyes. "What's eating you on a day like this?" he asked. "We should be having a good time but you seem downcast. Here you are, Howard Simpson, one of the feature writers on the STAR-TELEGRAM and all you do is complain."

"You misunderstood me, Frank," protested the unhappy man. "How would you like to write a daily column on baby care and be known as 'Tillie, the Wise Owl'?" Believe me I envy you with your job in the FBI. I am sick and tired of my work. Want to swap jobs?"

Frank Parsons laughed. "Your misery, especially with the bankroll getting fatter each week by \$200 makes my poor heart bleed. You stick to your baby stuff and I'll stick to my detective work."

In reply Howard Simpson put his hand in his coat pocket and came out with a booklet. "Since I've read this," he began. "Life has taken on a new horizon for me. It's called, 'Be a Detective in Ten Easy Lessons' and it's by J. Copeland. You can get it free for ten wrappers from Bibbo's Brown Bunchies. Plain or almond. Costs me nothing. The office boy eats them and throws the wrappers into the wastepaper basket. Shows you what a bit of salvage work can do."

Frank Parsons was about to take the booklet and tear it into small pieces when the sound of a siren at the entrance of the picnic ground attracted his attention. A state trooper came up to him. Frank recognized him as Sergeant Jed Harris, of Troop B. "Anything

wrong, Jed?" he asked. The trooper nodded. "Okay to speak in front of this man?" "He's Howard Simpson of the STAR-TELEGRAM and if it isn't confidential, you can shoot the works."

"Louis Marshall is dying in the hospital. He had a stroke while in his cell. He has been calling for you. Says you are the only one he will tell where he hid the stolen money. We learned it was your day off. Your housekeeper said you were out on a picnic. We have men out at other picnic areas looking for you. Get into your car and I'll lead the way back to town."

Frank Parsons looked at his friend. "Now you may see something in action. Come on, unless you're afraid of sitting in a car going 75 miles an hour. The only reply Simpson made was to follow Parsons. He sat at his side as the car roared along the state highway, then into the city until it stopped in front of a hospital. The two men dosed inside. A gray haired elderly man was waiting for Parsons.

"At a time like this you had to be away Frank," he said. "Come on up with me to the fifth floor. Marshall is sinking rapidly." The two men entered an elevator. A few minutes later Parsons was standing at the bedside of the dying man. He bent down. "Marshall, can you hear me? I'm Frank Parsons. Remember me? You want to tell me where you hid the money. Where is it?"

A bald headed man with thin sallow cheeks moved his eyelids slowly as though to acknowledge he understood. He was saving every ounce of his ebbing strength for his confession. "The money," he began, "is buried underneath the chicken coop in my back yard. You start to dig..." but he never finished. The attending physician looked at him once. "Sorry, gentlemen," he announced, "Louis Marshall is dead."

The elderly man who was Postal Inspector Roger Baldwin found it difficult to restrain



his emotion as the sheet was drawn over the face of the dead man. "There goes a fellow who thought he had figured out the perfect plan to steal half a million dollars. Only he forgot to take death into consideration. Do we start digging for the money today or wait until tomorrow?" Frank Parsons hesitated before replying. "I guess the sooner we get it over with the better. We should find the money within an hour."

Two days later a tired Parsons and a bewildered postal inspector looked over the back yard of the house that belonged to the late Louis Marshall. "The money must be where he buried it unless it was found by someone else," commented Parsons. "Yet how could it be found by another person. We had a day and night guard watching this place since we arrested Marshall. He told me it was beneath the chicken coop. We have dug to a depth of thirty-five feet. Where is the money?" Postal Inspector Baldwin shrugged his shoulders. "We are going to keep on digging if we have to reach China in order to get that money."

"Sadness seems to have descended upon this place," remarked a cheerful voice. It was Howard Simpson. "Wish you fellows would tell me the details of this mysterious expedition in the heart of a great city."

"It all looks so simple and yet turns out to be difficult," began Frank Parsons. "Last year Louis Marshall was a trusted bank clerk with forty years of service behind him. Through his hands passed a million dollars a week in Federal Reserve Notes. Then one day a mailbag with half a million dollars of Federal Reserve Notes vanished. In place of the money we found packages of brown paper cut to the same size. Three men were under suspicion. We finally identified the masked handwriting on the address tag as identical with a specimen of Marshall's. He confessed and wanted to make a deal with the government. Return half of the money and keep the rest. Of course we refused. He went to trial and was sentenced three months ago. On his deathbed he told me the money was underneath the chicken coop. Any suggestions?"

Howard Simpson opened a small booklet entitled 'Be a Detective in Ten Easy Lessons.' Turning to page 8, he read: "The mine detector has its use in peacetime. Should a criminal hide an object underneath the ground in a metal container, this instrument can be used to detect its presence." The FBI man shook his head sadly. "While all that may be true, you notice the one condition. There must

be a metal container. If the money were buried in boxes or clay jars, we could never spot it."

"You've got nothing to lose," challenged the newspaper man. "Why not give it a chance?" "Perhaps your friend has something with that idea of his," interrupted the Postal Inspector. "I am going to call Major Frederick Bussman on the phone and see if the army can help us."

That evening the people in the neighborhood were puzzled to see a strange machine operated by two army men. A battery of powerful searchlights was being played upon the ground. And Howard Simpson was always before the machine.

The soldier in control of the dials stopped the machine and reported to Frank Parsons. "We have checked the location of all pipes on the map. The dial shows that there is something metallic buried underneath the ground at an angle of about twenty degrees from the chicken coop. But it is on the adjoining property."

The Postal Inspector and the FBI man looked at each other as though both had just been hit by the same idea. "Marshall must have dug at an angle underneath the coop and buried the money on his neighbor's property. Let's get the necessary permission from the owner and start digging."

Same five hours later, two tired but happy law enforcement men looked at their find. There were six large boxes, each wrapped in tar-coated paper. When opened out came the bundles of Federal Reserve Notes. Howard Simpson puffed his chest. "You fellows listened to me and solved a mystery. I'm going to be a detective."

The next day Frank Parsons visited Howard Simpson. "I don't know how to begin this," said the FBI man in a most apologetic tone. "The papers have been giving you credit for the recovery of the money. You deserve it. But stick to your baby articles."

"Why?" was the one word question. "It hurts my heart to tell you this," explained Parsons. "We all agreed to keep it a secret. How could the dial show metal when the money was hidden in paper? That bothered us until we did a bit of checking. Seems you wear a metal identification band on your wrist. You dropped it on the bottom of the machine in such a position that the needle showed metal at an angle. It was your carelessness that helped us to solve the crime. Get what I mean? You better continue writing those baby articles."

The End

LAWBREAKERS

# MURDER *for* NOTHING

PETE SANDOW WANTED EASY MONEY AND HE WAS WILLING TO KILL TO GET IT... BUT HE DIDN'T FIGURE ON THE STRANGE DOINGS OF TWO WOMEN WHO LIKED TO SHOW OFF, AND THE LAW THAT WAS RELENTLESS IN TRACKING DOWN A KILLER!!!

YOU JUST SAW HOW I CARVED YOUR FRIEND. NOW WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE DOUGH? SPILL IT SISTER, OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME TREATMENT!

I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY. I LIKE TO FLASH A BIG ROLL TO MAKE PEOPLE THINK I'M A BIG SHOT!

JANE LACEY... LIVED WITH HER FRIEND, MAY MARSDEN IN A SMALL ROOMING HOUSE...

JUST LOOK AT THIS HAIR... SAY, MAY... OUR FUNDS ARE GETTING TOO LOW FOR COMFORT. WE'LL HAVE TO LINE UP SOMETHING SOON!

O.K. LET'S GET DRESSED AND GET OUT OF HERE... WE'LL GO OUT ON THE TOWN...





# LAWBREAKERS

WE'LL VISIT MIKE'S NEW TAVERN. HE JUST OPENED UP ON PINE STREET!

MAYBE WE CAN FIND ANOTHER SUCKER AND BRING HIM BACK HERE. I STILL GOT SOME OF THOSE KNOCK OUT DROPS.



JANE, FLASHING THE ROLL FOR EFFECT, HAD NO IDEA WHAT HER LITTLE GAME WOULD LEAD TO...

HERE, THIS'LL PAY FOR THE DRINKS, MIKE. AND KEEP THE CHANGE, GET THE KID A NEW PAIR OF SHOES.

THANKS A LOT, JANE. I SEE YOU'RE STILL IN THE CHIPS, I'LL BET YOU'RE COLLECTING PLENTY FROM THAT "EX" OF YOURS.



YOU'VE GOT YOUR EYES GLUED ON THOSE TWO DOLLS, PETE. LEAVE 'EM ALONE... THEY'RE POISON!

SUPPOSE YOU MIND YOUR BUSINESS, JOE... AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF MINE. SEE YOU LATER AT THE POOL ROOM!



THE NAME IS PETE SANDOW. SEEMS I'VE SEEN YOU TWO BEFORE... WAS IT AT LOU'S PLACE?

COULD BE. MY NAME IS JANE LACEY, AND THIS IS MY FRIEND, MAY MARSDEN!

PETE ALSO KNEW HOW TO ACT LIKE A BIG SHOT...

COUPLE OF DRINKS FOR THE LADIES, MIKE. THIS IS ON ME!

YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING IN THE PLACE, AS LONG AS YOU PAY ON THE LINE

LATER...

YOU LOOK LIKE A NICE GUY COME ON OVER TO OUR PLACE

WE'VE GOT SOME SWELL BONDED STUFF A FRIEND JUST BROUGHT IT OVER FROM ENGLAND



# LAWBREAKERS

MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, PETE. WE'LL MIX A FEW DRINKS.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL SERVICE... MAKE MINE A DOUBLE!



SAY, DID YOU PIPE THOSE RINGS HE'S WEARING? BET THEY MUST BE WORTH AT LEAST TWO GRAND!

THE GLASS ON YOUR RIGHT HAS THE MICKEY FINN... BE CAREFUL!



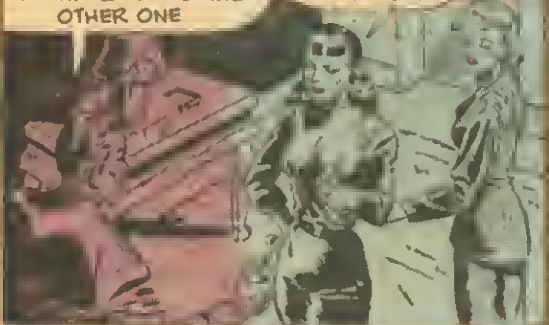
HERE YOU ARE, PETE. A DOUBLE, JUST LIKE YOU SAID!

NOW YOU TELL ME IF JANE ISN'T THE BEST LITTLE DRINK MIXER YOU EVER MET!



THERE'S TOO MUCH IN MY GLASS. YOU TAKE IT AND GIVE ME THE OTHER ONE

NOW DON'T BE SILLY, PETE. DRINK IT BEFORE YOU SPILL IT!



AND NOW THE KILLER IN THE ENRAGED PETE CAME OUT.

SHELL OUT YOUR DOUGH OR I'LL SLIT YOUR PRETTY THROAT!

I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY, YOU'RE HURTING ME... LET GO OF ME OR I'LL SCREAM FOR HELP!



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD SLIP ME A "MICKEY." I KNOW THESE DRINKS ARE LOADED. I'M NOT THE TWO-BIT JERK YOU'RE TAKING ME FOR!

YOU'RE CRAZY TO THINK WE'D PULL A TRICK LIKE THAT. YOU'RE DRUNK! GET OUT OF HERE!





# LAWBREAKERS

YOU KILLED HER...  
YOU KILLED HER...  
STAY AWAY FROM ME...  
PLEASE LEAVE ME  
ALONE!!



I'M RUNNIN' THE SHOW  
NOW, BABY! SHE HAD  
IT COMING TO HER.  
THE LITTLE FOOL.

YOU JUST SAW ME  
CARVE YOUR FRIEND  
WHERE'S THE DOUGH?  
TELL ME OR YOU'LL  
GET THE SAME...

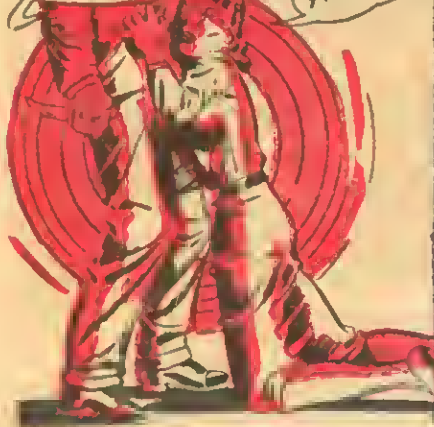


I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY...I  
FLASH A BIG ROLL TO  
MAKE PEOPLE THINK I'M  
A BIG SHOT... BUT MOST  
OF IT IS PHONEY!

AND SO PETE ADDED A SECOND  
MURDER TO HIS LIST OF CRIMES..

YOU AIN'T FOOLIN' ME. I  
GOT NO USE FOR DAMES  
LIKE YOU!

ARGHH!



SHE WAS TELLIN' THE  
TRUTH! THAT CRAZY  
DAME! THIS IS STAGE  
MONEY. THEY WANTED MY  
RINGS. I HAD PHONEY  
RINGS AND THEY HAD  
PHONEY DOUGH!



THIS OUGHT TO LOOK LIKE MURDER  
AND SUICIDE. HER FINGERPRINTS  
ARE ON THE KNIFE. I LEFT ONLY  
TWO GLASSES SO THE COPS  
WILL FIGURE THEY WERE DRINK-  
ING... I BETTER SCRAM... I HEAR  
VOICES OUTSIDE.



WILL YOU HAVE TIME  
TO CLEAN MY  
ROOM NEXT?



JUST AS SOON AS I  
GET THROUGH IN HERE.



# LAWBREAKERS



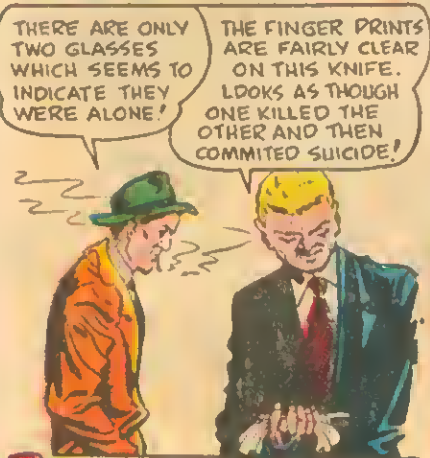
HELP... HELP... THESE TWO WOMEN ARE DEAD... GET THE POLICE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MATILDA?... UGH, WHAT A MESS!.. I'LL CALL THE POLICE AT ONCE. DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING!



LOOKS LIKE MURDER AND SUICIDE. GUESS THEY WERE DRINKING!

LET DETECTIVES MARSON AND COTTER DO THE THINKING. WE'RE ONLY TRAFFIC BOYS!



THERE ARE ONLY TWO GLASSES WHICH SEEMS TO INDICATE THEY WERE ALONE!

THE FINGER PRINTS ARE FAIRLY CLEAR ON THIS KNIFE. LOOKS AS THOUGH ONE KILLED THE OTHER AND THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE!



LOOK AT THAT BLOOD. SOME ONE WAS IN THAT ROOM. AS HE LEFT IT, HE STEPPED ON SOME BLOOD AND LEFT A HEEL PRINT!

THEN IT WAS MURDER AND NOT SUICIDE! TOO BAD WE CAN'T GET A HEEL IMPRINT!

**P**ETE HAD DONE A GOOD JOB IN ARRANGING DETAILS BEHIND HIM...

**T**HE TENANTS OF THE ROOMING HOUSE WERE QUESTIONED FOR FURTHER LEADS



NOW MIND YOU, I'M NOT THE TYPE WHO TALKS ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE.. BUT THOSE TWO WOMEN WERE ALWAYS IN BARS AND TAVERNS!

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION. IF YOU THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE CALL US AT THE 35TH PRECINCT!

**S**INCE MIKE WOULD RECOGNIZE PETE, HE WENT WITH THE POLICE...



SURE... I KNOW THOSE WOMEN. GOOD CUSTOMERS OF MINE. THE LAST MAN I SAW THEM WITH IS CALLED PETE... DON'T KNOW HIS LAST NAME. HE WORKS IN A LAUNDRY-O-MAT!

THANKS, MIKE... NOW WE CAN START CHECKING THOSE LAUNDRY PLACES!



I SORRY, NO MAN BY THE NAME OF PETE HERE... YOU MIGHT TRY THE LAUNDRY ON PARK STREET!

I KNOW WHERE THAT PLACE IS. COME, I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!



# LAWBREAKERS

**DETECTIVE COTTER'S QUESTIONS  
THREW PETE OFF GUARD...**

WE'RE IN LUCK!  
THAT'S PETE  
IN THERE FIX-  
ING THAT  
WASHING  
MACHINE!

THANKS, MIKE..  
YOU CAN WAIT  
OUT HERE...  
WE'LL DO THE  
REST

WHY DID YOU  
KILL THOSE  
TWO WOMEN,  
PETE? THEY  
NEVER DID  
YOU ANY  
HARM!

I KILLED.. ER.  
WHAT ARE  
YOU GUYS TRY-  
ING TO DO?...  
PIN SOME-  
THING ON ME!

LOOK OUT  
FOR THAT  
WRENCH!

YOU WON'T GET  
ME ALIVE! I'M  
NOT GOING TO  
BURN FOR  
KILLING THOSE  
CRAZY DAMES..  
**ARRGHH!**

IT'S NO USE,  
PETE! YOU  
JUST CAN'T  
WIN!

I'VE HAD  
ENOUGH. JUST  
LEAVE ME  
ALONE!

**LATER...** THE  
REPORT SHOWS  
JUST A TRACE  
OF BLOOD ON  
HIS SHOE AND  
OF COURSE...IT  
MATCHES THE  
VICTIM'S TYPE!

IF I HADN'T  
STEPPED IN  
HER BLOOD,  
YOU COPS  
WOULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN  
ABLE TO PIN  
THIS ON ME!

MURDER FOR  
NOTHING. I  
KILLED THOSE  
DIZZY DAMES  
AND ALL THEY  
HAD WAS STAGE  
MONEY! YES....  
MURDER FOR  
NOTHING!

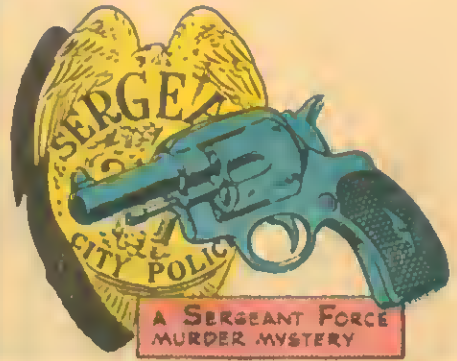
YOU'RE SO  
RIGHT...  
IF MEN LIKE  
YOU COULD  
ONLY SEE  
AHEAD AND  
REALIZE, LAW-  
BREAKERS  
NEVER WIN!

**AND SO PETE PAID FOR HIS  
CRIMES WITH HIS LIFE.**

*The  
End*

LAWBREAKERS

# THE GUN



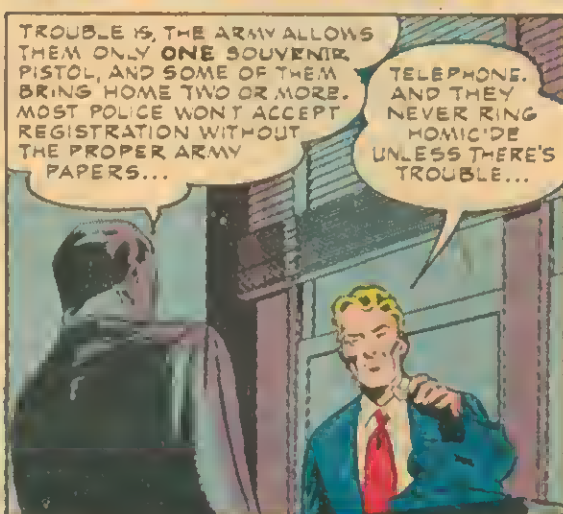
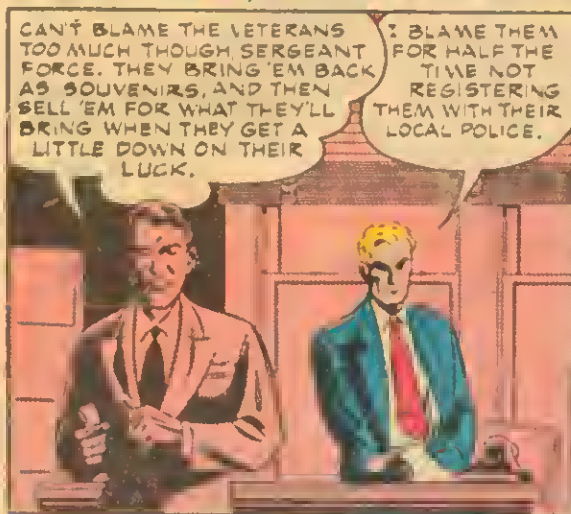
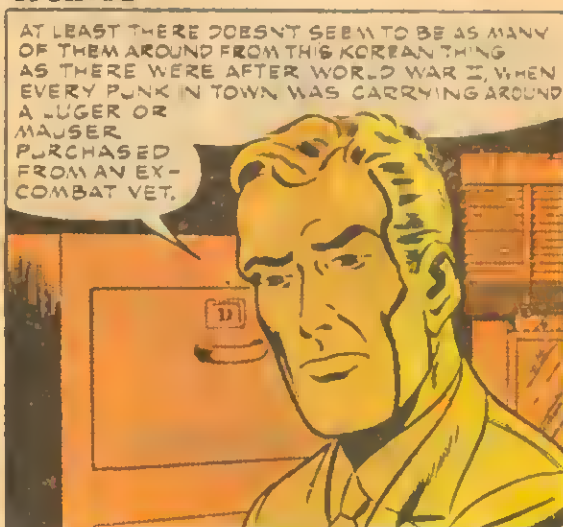
OKAY, PUNK. FORK  
UP THE TWO FIFTY AND  
IT'S YOURS...AND FROM  
NOW ON **STAY AWAY**  
FROM ME. SEE? YOU'VE  
BEEN PESTERING ME  
FOR THIS GUN FOR  
A MONTH!

AND FORGET  
WHERE YOU GOT  
IT, KID!

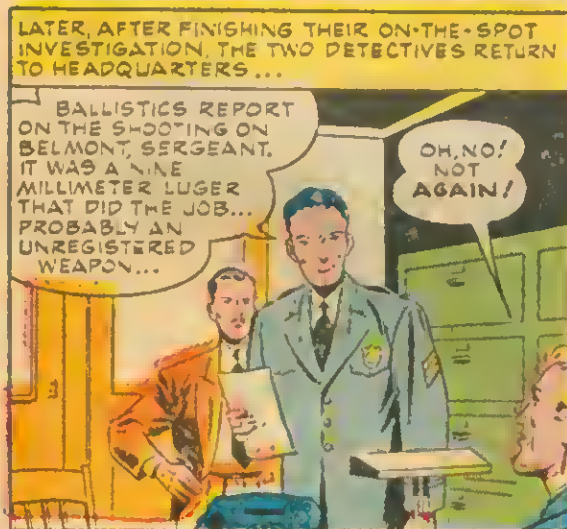
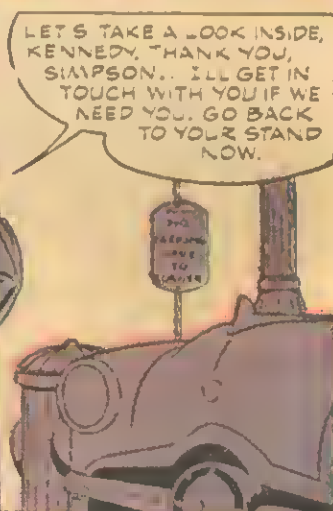
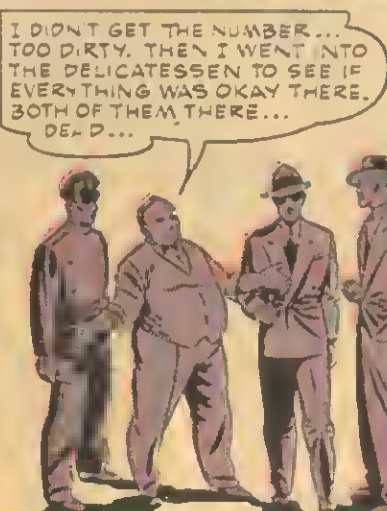
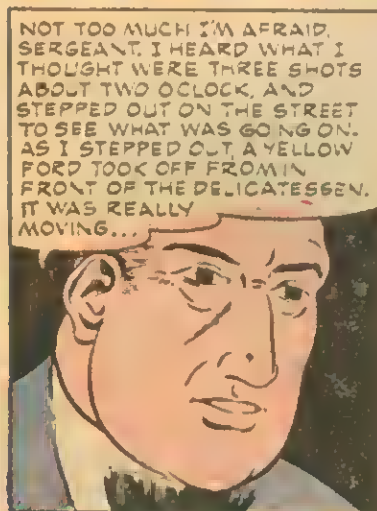




# LAWBREAKERS



# LAWBREAKERS





# LAWBREAKERS

THAT'S RIGHT SERGEANT, I WORK IN AN OFFICE ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE DELICATESSEN. I SAW THE KILLER WHEN HE ENTERED HIS AUTO AT THE CURB...

WHY THE DEVIL HAVE YOU WAITED THIS LONG TO TELL US, MAN? HE MAY BE HALF WAY TO MEXICO BY NOW...

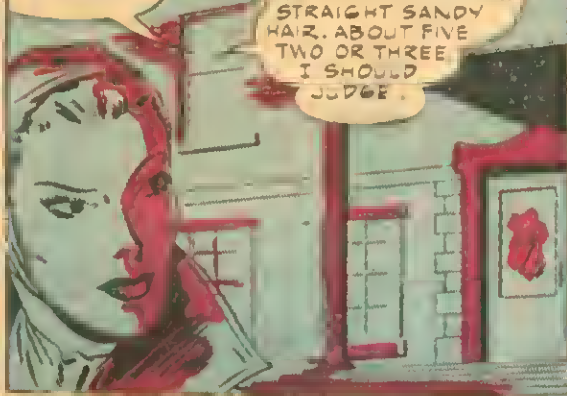


TAKE IT EASY SERGEANT, I'M A MARRIED MAN WITH A COUPLE OF KIDS. I'VE HEARD OF LOTS OF WITNESSES TO KILLINGS WHO DIDN'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THE STAND, AND I DON'T INTEND TO BE ONE OF THEM... I CAME HERE AS SOON AS I THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO... AND THAT'S GOING TO HAVE TO BE GOOD ENOUGH!



ALL RIGHT, HALE, GIVE ME A DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN YOU SAW!

YOUNG, NOT OVER TWENTY, WORE A LEATHER JACKET, RED SWEATER AND BLUE OVERALL TROUSERS. NO HAT. STRAIGHT SANDY HAIR. ABOUT FIVE TWO OR THREE I SHOULD JUDGE.

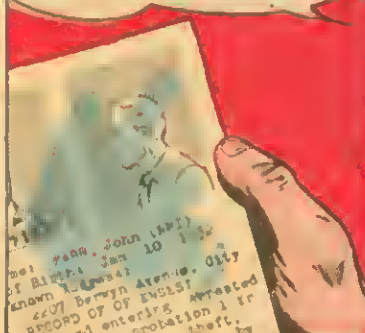


TWO AND A HALF HOURS LATER, AFTER HUNDREDS OF PHOTOS, HALE FINALLY FINDS THE WANTED MAN...



THIS IS THE MAN, I'M POSITIVE OF IT.

JOHNNY MARR... TWO TIME LOSER. FIRST OFFENSE AT SEVENTEEN, BREAKING AND ENTERING... PROBATION FOR A YEAR. SECOND OFFENSE AT NINETEEN, AUTO THEFT... NO CHARGES BROUGHT BY OWNER. HAD TO RELEASE HIM...



...AND NOW MURDER AND ROBBERY... A CE YOUNG FELLOW!



YOU CAN GO NOW, HALE. LEAVE YOUR ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER WITH THE DESK SERGEANT ON YOUR WAY OUT. LET'S GO, KENNEDY...



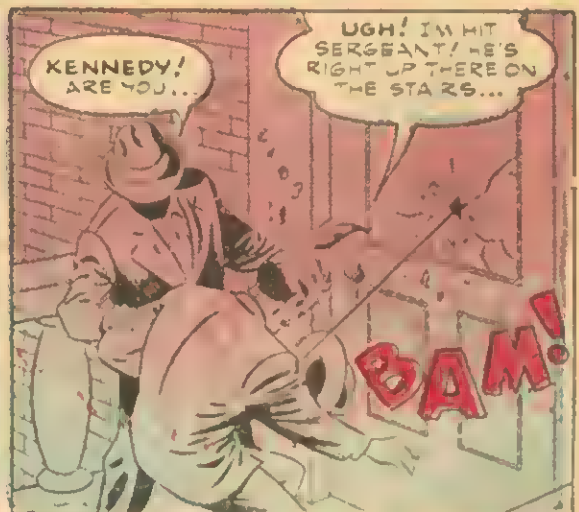
# LAWBREAKERS



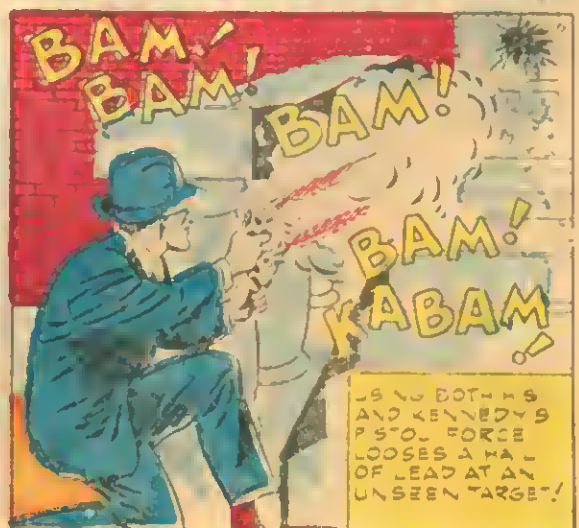
BUT MARR, NERVOUS AFTER THE DOUBLE KLLING, AND WAITING ONLY FOR DARKNESS BEFORE LEAVING TOWN IS WATCHING FOR ANY POSSIBLE SIGNS OF PURSUIT..



KENNEDY IS FIRST UP THE STEPS, AND AS HE CROSSES THE LUGERS SIGHTS...



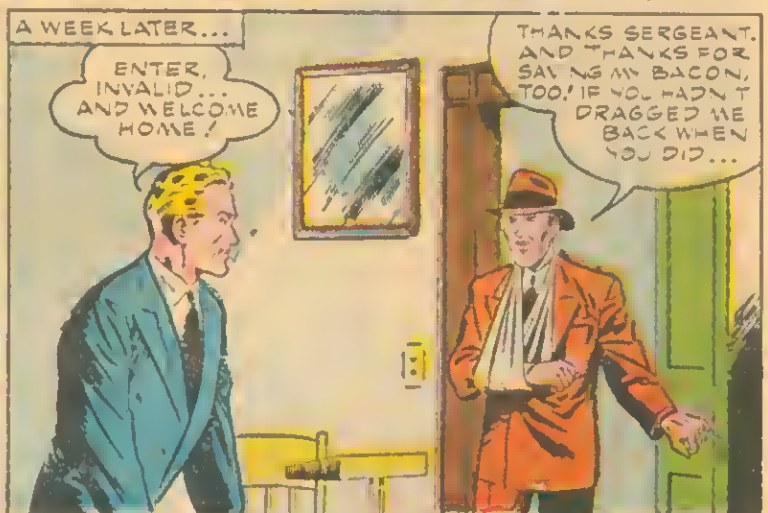
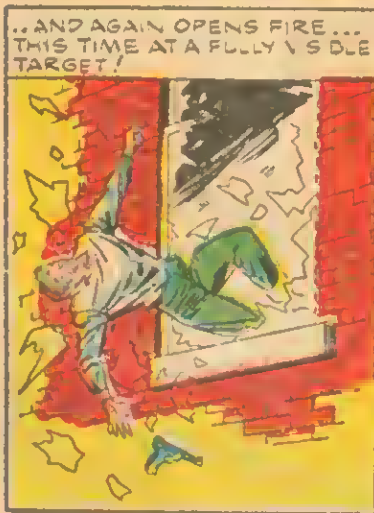
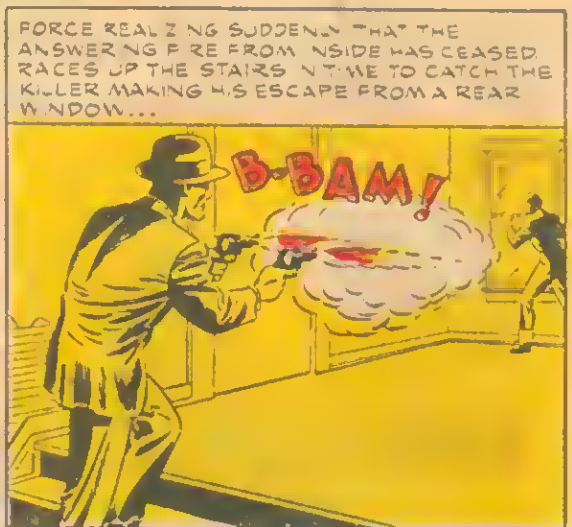
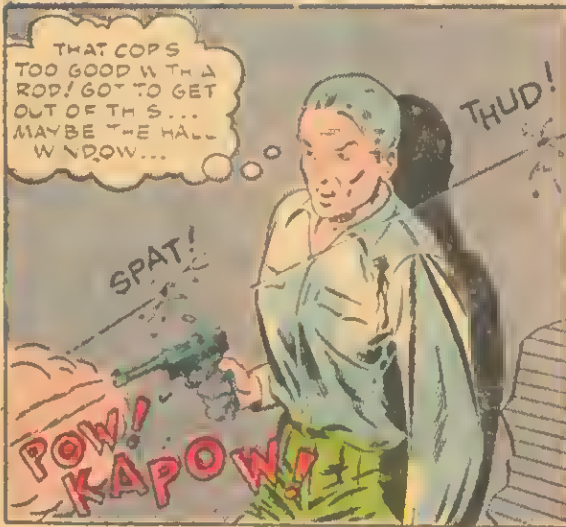
HE'S HIT BAD... NOT ME TO CALL AN AMBULANCE! I'VE GOT TO GET THIS GUY..



AS NO DOUBT HIS AND KENNEDY'S PISTOL FORCE LOOSES A HAIL OF LEAD AT AN UNSEEN TARGET!



# LAWBREAKERS



## LAWBREAKERS

# CRIME *from* WITHIN



IT'S A GOOD THING YOU  
CAME ALONG WHEN YOU DID  
RELLY OR I'D BE DEAD! I'M  
A WITNESS FOR THE CRIME  
COMMISSION INVESTIGATING  
ORGANIZED CRIME IN  
THIS TOWN.

YOU NEED POLICE  
PROTECTION MR.  
WALL. JUST STAY  
INDOORS FOR  
AWHILE!



NOW LOOK DEERLY THIS HALL CHARACTER  
IS A REAL CRANK. JUST LOOK AT THE  
RECORDS... TEN COMPLAINTS IN A  
YEAR ABOUT HIS FALSELY ACCUSING  
PEOPLE. HE HAS NO EVIDENCE  
FOR THE CRIME COMMISSION  
IF YOU FEEL WE NEEDS PRO-  
TECTION THAT'S **YOUR**  
ASSIGNMENT...  
PROTECT HIM!

THANKS  
CHEF! I'VE  
GOT A  
FEELING THE GUYS  
ON THE LEVEL  
THIS  
TIME!





# LAWBREAKERS

JUST AS PATROLMAN REILLY IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO PROTECT HIS NEIGHBOR, TWO THUGS DART OUT FROM A DOORWAY AND JUMP HIM FROM BEHIND...



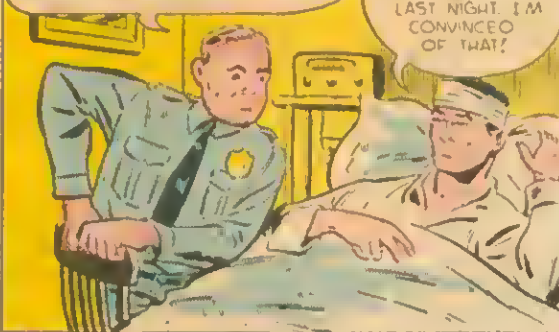
ANYWHERE A. M. HALL'S...



THE NEXT DAY IN MIDVILLE HOSPITAL...

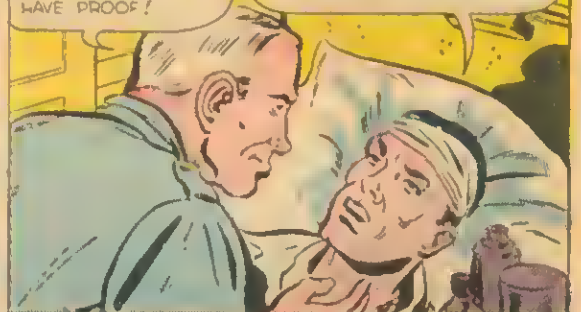
WELL, PAT...WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT HALL BEING A CRANK? HE KILLED HIMSELF LAST NIGHT WITH A SHOT-GUN. A REAL MESS!

WELL, IT WASN'T SUICIDE... I WAS BEATEN UP SO'S I WOULDN'T BE WITH HALL LAST NIGHT. I'M CONVINCED OF THAT!



NOW LOOK PAT! THE CASE IS OPEN AND SHUT... **SUICIDE**. OF COURSE IF YOU HAVE DIFFERENT IDEAS... WELL THAT'S FINE, BUT WE'VE GOT TO HAVE PROOF!

OKAY CHIEF... I'LL GET YOU THAT PROOF! JUST AS SOON AS I'M ABLE TO GET OUT OF BED! I REALLY **BE-LIEVE** HALL KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT A CRIME RING AND WAS RUBBED OUT!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

YA MEAN THAT STUPID JERK WHO LIVES NEXT TA YA? NAW, I DONT KNOW NOTHIN BOUT THAT GUY EXCEPT HE'S NUTS!

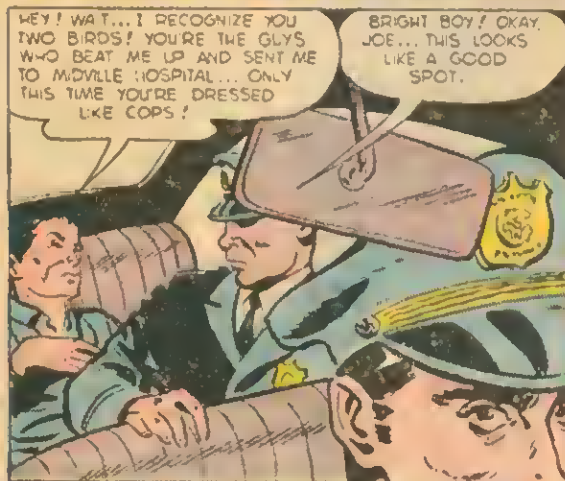
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DONT KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM? YOU TWO WERE BUSINESS PARTNERS BACK N 46' THE REGISTRATION RECORDS SHOW IT, OKAY... I GET IT A CLAM UP TO KEEP ME FROM FINDING ANYTHING EH? YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME...



OKAY COPPER YOU CAN START SAYING YOUR PRAYERS...



# LAWBREAKERS





# LAWBREAKERS



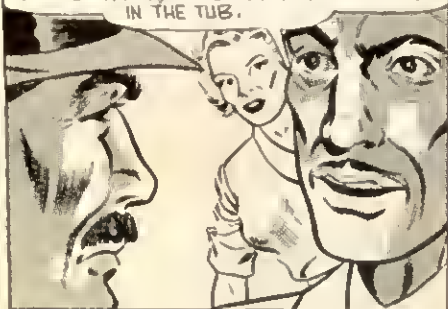
THE DILIGENT PATROLMAN LEAVES THE STATION HOUSE AND WAITS OUTSIDE WITH ANOTHER MAN...PRESENTLY...



# MINUTE CLUES

INSPECTOR ROSS INVESTIGATES THE MURDER OF COMMERCIAL ARTIST, JAMES KENNEDY.

I'M BOB KAESE, KENNEDY'S BUSINESS PARTNER. I WAS LET IN BY MISS SMITH, MR. KENNEDY'S HOUSE KEEPER. WHEN HE FAILED TO APPEAR, I INVESTIGATED AND FOUND HIM IN THE TUB.



WE REMOVED THE BODY FROM THE TUB, DRIED IT OFF AND COVERED IT WE TOUCHED NOTHING ELSE!



DID YOU AND KENNEDY EVER HAVE ANY TROUBLE?

NO... JIM HAD HEART TROUBLE. HE MUST HAVE HAD AN ATTACK WHILE HE WAS IN THE TUB AND DROWNED.



KENNEDY WAS MURDERED! KAESE. I'M HOLDING YOU FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION



YOU SAID YOU ONLY REMOVED THE BODY AND DRIED IT OFF, YET THERE WASN'T ENOUGH WATER IN THE TUB FOR A MAN TO DROWN UNLESS HIS HEAD WAS PUSHED UNDER THE WATER. KAESE CONFESSED HE'D BEEN STEALING FIRM FUNDS AND FOUND HIM OUT.



## APPEAR SLIMMER INSTANTLY!

With the Amazing  
**TUMMY FLATTENING COMMANDER**

INTERLOCKING HANDS  
OF FIRM SUPPORT\*

Only \$2<sup>98</sup>



Test now how you'll feel wearing the COMMANDER this way clasp hands across the abdomen as shown and press up and in. Feel good? Protruding stomach held in? That's how you'll look and feel when you put on the COMMANDER. No leg bands, buckles, straps or laces. Changeable crotch piece.



**FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER!**

SEND NO MONEY! Convince yourself. See the amazing difference with your own eyes. Try the appearance reducing COMMANDER at our expense. If not delighted with the immediate results, return in 10 days for immediate refund. Sent in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. Don't wait! Act NOW!

\*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

**WARD GREEN CO., Dept. TR-9**

113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.  
Rush COMMANDER on approval in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage. If not delighted with immediate results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund. (Special Large Sizes 48 to 60—\$3.98)

MY WAIST MEASURE IS.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

I enclose \$2.98 (or \$3.98 for sizes 48 to 60) Ward Green Co. pays postage. Same refund offer holds.

☐ Also send..... extra crotch pieces 175¢ each, 3 for \$2.00.



Reducing Specialist Says:  
**LOSE WEIGHT**

Where  
It  
Shows  
Most

**REDUCE**

MOST ANY  
PART OF  
THE  
BODY WITH

**ELECTRIC**

# Spot Reducer

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Penetrating Massage

PLUG IN  
GRASP  
HANDLE  
AND  
APPLY



UNDERWRITERS  
LABORATORY  
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**L**IKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

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**POUNDS** and **INCHES** SAFELY Without Risking  
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**LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE**

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!